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The GUARDIAN.

——— *Ægri Somnia.* Hor.

Saturday, April 25. 1713.

MY Correſpondent, who has acquired the Faculty of entering into other Mens Thoughts, having in purſuance to a former Letter ſent me an Account of certain uſeful Diſcoveries he has made by the help of that Invention, I ſhall communicate the ſame to the Publick in this Paper.

Mr. IRONSIDE,

'ON the 11th Day of *October* in the Year 1712, 'having left my Body locked up ſafe in my 'Study, I repaired to the *Grecian* Coffee-houſe, 'where entering into the *Pineal Gland* of a certain 'eminent *Free-thinker*, I made directly to the higheſt 'part of it, which is the Seat of the Underſtanding, 'expecting to find there a comprehenſive Knowledge of all things Humane and Divine; but, to my 'no ſmall Aſtoniſhment, I found the Place narrower 'than ordinary, inſomuch that there was not any 'room for a Miracle, Propheſie, or *Separate Spirit*.

'This obliged me to deſcend a Story lower, into the Imagination, which I found larger, indeed, but Cold and Comfortleſs. I diſcovered *Prejudice* in the Figure of a Woman ſtanding in a Corner, 'with her Eyes cloſe ſhut, and her Fore-fingers 'ſtuck in her Ears; many Words in a confuſed Order, but ſpoken with great Emphaſis, iſſued from her Mouth. Theſe being condenſed by the Coldneſs of the Place formed a ſort of Miſt, thorough which methought I ſaw a great Caſtle, with a Fortification caſt round it, and a Tower adjoining to it, that through the Windows appeared to be filled with Racks and Halters. Beneath the Caſtle I cou'd diſcern vaſt Dungeons, and all about it lay ſcattered the Bones of Men. It ſeemed to be garriſoned by certain Men in Black, of Gigantic Size, and moſt terrific Forms. But as I drew near the Terror of the Appearance vaniſhed, and the Caſtle I found to be only a Church, whoſe Steeple with its Clock and Bell Ropes, was miſtaken for a Tower filled with Racks and Halters. The terrible Giants in black ſhrunk into a few innocent Clergymen. The Dungeons were turned 'into Vaults deſigned only for the habitation of the Dead, and the Fortification proved to be a Churchyard with ſome ſcattered Bones in it, and a plain Stone Wall round it.

'I had not been long here before my Curioſity 'was raiſed by a loud Noiſe that I heard in the 'Inferior Region. Deſcending thither I found a 'Mob of the Paſſions aſſembled in a riotous manner. Their tumultuary Proceedings ſoon convinced me, that they affected a Democracy. After 'much Noiſe and Wrangle, they at length all 'hearkened to *Vanity*, who propoſed the raiſing a 'great Army of Notions, which ſhe offered to lead 'againſt thoſe dreadful Phantomes in the Imagination that had occaſioned all this Uproar.

'Away poſted *Vanity*, and I after her, to the 'Store-houſe of Ideas; where I beheld a great number of lifeleſs Notions confuſedly thrown together, but upon the Approach of *Vanity* they began to crawl. Here were to be ſeen, among other 'odd Things, Sleeping Deities, Corporeal Spirits, 'and Worlds formed by Chance, with an endleſs 'Variety of Heathen Notions, the moſt irregular 'and groteſque imaginable. And with theſe were 'jumbled ſeveral of Chriſtian Extraction; but ſuch 'was the Dreſs and Light they were put in, and 'their Features were ſo diſtorted, that they looked 'little better than Heathens. There was likewiſe 'aſſembled no ſmall number of Phantomes in ſtrange 'Habits, who proved to be Idolatrous Prieſts of 'different Nations. *Vanity* gave the Word, and 'ſtraightway the *Talopoins*, *Faquirs*, *Bramines* and '*Bonzes* drew up in a Body. The Right Wing 'conſiſted of Ancient Heathen Notions, and the 'Left of Chriſtians naturalized. All theſe together, 'for Numbers, compoſed a very formidable Army; 'but the Precipitation of *Vanity* was ſo great, and 'ſuch was their own inbred Averſion to the Tyranny of Rules and Diſcipline, that they ſeemed 'rather a confuſed Rabble than a regular Army. I 'could, nevertheleſs, obſerve that they all agreed 'in a Squinting Look, or Caſt of their Eyes toward 'a certain Perſon in a Maſque, who was placed in 'the Center, and whom by ſure Signs and Tokens 'I diſcovered to be *Atheiſm*.

'*Vanity* had no ſooner led her Forces into the 'Imagination, but ſhe reſolved upon ſtorming the 'Caſtle and giving no Quarter. They began the 'Aſſault with a loud Out-cry and great Confuſion. 'I, for my Part, made the beſt of my Way, and 're-entered my own Lodging. Some time after, 'inquiring at a Bookſeller's for *a Diſcourſe on Free-thinking*, which had made ſome Noiſe, I met with 'the Repreſentatives of all thoſe Notions drawn 'up in the ſame confuſed Order upon Paper. Sage '*Neſtor*, I am,

Your moſt Obedient, Humble Servant,

Ulyſſes Coſmopolits.

N. B. 'I went round the Table, but could not 'find a Wit or Mathematician among them.

I imagine the Account here given may be uſeful in directing to the proper Cure of a *Free-thinker*. In the firſt Place, it is plain his Underſtanding wants

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